

DRY TIDE

Written by

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EXT. NICARAGUAN BEACH - DAY

ANNA (late-20's and effortlessly attractive) fumbles with a handheld camera. She finally sets it onto a tripod, and speaks into it directly.

ANNA

Day two! I have to say  
I'm...cautiously optimistic about  
this whole thing. I feel like if I  
say that, I'll jinx myself and it  
won't be true, but I'm in paradise  
for Christ's sake!

She clumsily pans the camera across the pristine white beaches. The blue ocean goes on into infinity, and the soft breeze gently grinds onto the mic.

She puts the camera back down on its tripod.

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's a long way from Dayton, but  
not far enough, you know?

Behind her, DIONE tends a fire in the background. Late-40's, beautiful and confident, in the way that dyed hair and a boob job make you beautiful and confident

ANNA (CONT'D)

And there's my fellow "ordinary,"  
Dione! Say "hi" to the camera!

DIONE

Hi!

ANNA

She's badass. I know this show is  
supposed to be about "ordinary  
people" doing the extraordinary,  
but I think they may have picked  
the wrong ladies to mess with!

She looks off camera to the setting sun.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DUSK

Inside the hastily-made hut, Anna weaves something with palm fronds, and Dione stokes a smoky fire with a thick brown root.

DIONE

I'm not even hungry yet.

ANNA

I know! I thought for sure I'd break immediately on day one and beg them to take me to a Wendy's, but I'm feeling pretty good. My friends thought I was nuts to just jump on a plane for some new TV survival show, but no risk no reward, right?

DIONE

Right.

Anna is frustrated with her weaving.

DIONE (CONT'D)

What is that gonna be?

ANNA

At first, it was a basket to catch fish. Then, a sort of sleeping blanket. Now...a scarf?

She wraps it around her neck.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't I look beautiful?

Dione smiles politely.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Come on, live a little! It's so refreshing not to be cleaning toilets all day. Aren't you glad you're not...what do you do again?

DIONE

Travel agent.

ANNA

No booking flights or cleaning hotel rooms for the next three weeks!

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 3 - MORNING

The hut is filled out with more fronds, both on the roof and ground, as well as some beach trash; empty bottles, rotten buoys, etc.

Dione sleeps in the corner, as Anna turns on her diary cam and walks up closely to it. She sticks her belly and hips right into the lens.

ANNA  
See? Right there?

She pushes in too close.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm a stick. I'm gonna start calling this the Diet Challenge, instead of the...whatever its called, the "Ordinary Extraordinary Survival Challenge." I do look good though.

She sits down and takes out a paper folded in her bra. She speaks to the camera.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
This paper you guys gave us is a little wrong.

She holds the paper to camera: It is a map of the island, and there is a small lake marked "fresh water."

ANNA (CONT'D)  
I've walked by this part of the island a thousand times, and there is no drinking water there, just more trees and shit. It's starting to become a problem. Oh, and your emergency radio-

She holds up an old walkie-talkie that's covered in sand.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
-is as useful as your map. There's not even batteries in it.

She throws it to the ground.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Dione's nice. If a bit distant.

She looks back to camera.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
We do need to find that water though. And quickly. This headache won't go away.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Anna and Dione lay on their backs by the fire, staring up into the sky.

DIONE  
You need to eat something.

ANNA  
No more berries. They're giving me  
the shits.

DIONE  
Jesus-

ANNA  
Well they are! I can't handle not  
drinking anymore. I'm so thirsty.

Anna opens her eyes and looks at Dione for a while.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
You seem alright.

DIONE  
I am.

ANNA  
You aren't thirsty?

DIONE  
Hopefully we'll find some water  
tomorrow. We just have to hold on.

The sky is a thick blanket of stars.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 4 - DAY

Anna lays in a fetal position next to a dying fire. She  
moans quietly but in long, soft, monotone drones.

Dione stands near the edge of the water, looking out into the  
ocean. She gently wipes away a tear.

Anna's voice barely reaches Dione. It's weak and hoarse.

ANNA  
Are they here yet?

DIONE  
Not yet.

ANNA  
You called four hours ago, where  
the hell are they?

DIONE  
They'll be here soon.

ANNA

They said we could pull the plug at any time. Why would they put us here if there's no water?

She sits up violently, and immediately is woozy and grabs her forehead.

Anna begins to cry.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Anna lays on her side in a fetal position with her eyes closed, and Dione sits opposite of her, hugging her knees and watching the fire.

Anna speaks weakly and softly.

ANNA

Truth or dare?

DIONE

...what?

ANNA

I need something to take my mind off the pain. Truth or dare?

DIONE

Dare.

ANNA

I dare you to drop me in a cold pool of Evian - no, Fiji water, and let me drink my way to the bottom.

DIONE

I wish I could.

ANNA

Ok fine, truth.

Dione takes a moment.

DIONE

What's the worst thing you've ever done?

ANNA

I've done a lot of worst things. But the one I feel the worst about? I was the other woman.

She laughs.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
More than once. Clichè, I know.

DIONE  
What happened to him?

ANNA  
I don't know. Divorce, I think. At the time I was careless and young.

DIONE  
You're still young.

ANNA  
Maid sleeping with a guest at a hotel seemed like every guys fantasy, and this rebellious, damaged part of me wanted to make that happen for someone.

Dione looks into Anna's eyes, which are filled with some regret. Anna snaps back out of it.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
But oh well, right? Can't hang onto the past. What about you?

Dione is careful with her words.

DIONE  
I killed someone.

Anna looks to Dione's stone face. She laughs weakly.

ANNA  
You did not.

She laughs again, slightly less than before. Dione's face doesn't change.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
...Who?

Dione, looks out of the fire and into Anna's eyes.

DIONE  
You.

Anna's eyes widen. The fire crackles aggressively.

Dione reaches behind her, digs underneath some palm fronds, and pulls out a bottle of water.

She unscrews the cap, takes a long gulp, all while maintaining eye contact with Anna.

ANNA

Where...where did you get that?

Anna reaches for the bottle like a zombie.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Please...

DIONE

I'll let you know what happened to Paul. He no longer looked at his wife as an object of desire. He saw her as old and unattractive. In an instant, you made her irrelevant.

ANNA

How...

DIONE

Three kids under the age of ten, and the broken spirit of a woman who was happy with the way things were. That's what you left in your wake.

Dione looks out to the ocean.

DIONE (CONT'D)

It really is beautiful here. Untouched by man.

ANNA

You did this.

DIONE

Death from dehydration is said to be the worst kind, because each cell in your body dies individually.

Anna is barely able to move or speak.

ANNA

...I...

DIONE

They say you can feel each one as it happens. Not unlike what I feel. Dying a little more every day.



Dione takes another long chug of water.

She looks back down at Anna, who is almost dead.

She stands up, and pours the rest of the water on the fire, putting it out, just as Anna stops moving.

Dione looks out to the ocean, takes in a big breath of salty sea air, and exhales.

THE END